

# КОРЖ

## БЕЗ ГРЯХ



Ри. СТАТКОР '96.



ЖОРЖ ЛАВЕР

ЖОРЖ

БЕЗ ЛЬН



**ЖОРЖ ГАНЧЕВ**

# **ЖОРЖ БЕЗ ГРИМ**

**ИЗДАТЕЛСКА КЪЩА „ХРИСТО БОТЕВ“**  
**София, 1996**



Художник на корицата  
Румен Статков

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## ICARUS

When I was young  
I used to jump  
for fun...  
like a kangaroo  
walking and talking  
to myself.  
I felt like Icarus.

Boy,  
I WAS Icarus!  
( when in my youth  
I combed the sea  
to find a wife  
conceive two daughters  
and thought...  
there's no more  
to be done at home)

I drifted West  
(a gnome of  
six foot six)  
In search of truths  
quite scarce  
in my land  
with soft hands  
ITCHING  
for the deeds  
that twitched  
awaitingly  
ELSEWHERE.  
Then each and...  
every sea I flew  
looting the footings  
of freedom  
trying to rise  
in haste  
and maybe find  
the taste  
of ME!

I struggled...  
and fell!



( to tell you  
the truth -  
quite safely)

Tried to behave  
like Icarus  
but couldn't.  
(the winds were slow)  
Long,  
rootless flights  
mellowed my wings  
and prompted my fall  
in the nails  
and the call  
of accidental vultures.  
They always tried  
TO PUNCTURE  
my stubborn fantasies  
and my romantic dreams  
so I could ride  
in gloom  
my self-made balloon  
of loneliness.  
Yet ,  
still I try and try  
to catch up  
with the traffic  
in the sky  
with graphically charted  
schemes and dreams  
of Icarus.

And I'm amazed  
I still believe  
in long, updated  
childhood plans  
that even challenging  
THE SUN  
is possible!  
That... long before  
I touch the sea  
I'll spread my  
anxious wings  
TO BE!



## THE OSCARS OF '79

I won't forget the 'Oscars'  
that came into my room  
like... social doom  
ignored  
( and compensated)  
by silence.

The TV blazing  
from my cupboard  
my few belongings  
clearly seen  
contrasting with...  
expensive glitter  
and famous nominees.

My roller scates  
(a knee still hurts)  
old sweaters, books  
and worn-out linen  
my answering machine  
(communicative dream  
so... prematurely  
canceled)  
the earphones  
I never used  
the gramophone  
(so much abused)  
the microphone  
(I used to sing with)  
guitar, typewriter  
and in the midst  
of this debris  
expectant, puzzled  
silly ME.

The stars receive  
their famous prize  
for some...  
'good work'  
they're told  
they've done.  
I'm watching  
vaguely mesmerized  
their...



' Island in the sun '  
deep down...  
I know  
I am the traveler  
that NEEDS to be  
alone.  
They...  
seem to have arrived.  
I...  
never want a home!

## IN THE ATOMIC MORNING

In the year unknown  
neutral spot  
on the map  
' modern knights '  
were arranging  
a fight.  
And I gather  
the prize  
might have been  
of a size...  
so unknown  
and unheard  
that ... the birth  
of the next generations  
was threatened.

Both relaxed  
(and serene)  
they were  
' testing '  
the theme  
who is right  
who is wrong  
who is weak  
who is strong  
who ... is noble  
(and best)  
for the rest of us  
to follow.



Covered up  
by 'good-will '  
their instinct  
to kill  
will continue  
its vigorous bating.  
Yet, if once  
understood  
BOTH  
are 'noble & good '  
will that warm  
our winter  
of waiting?

Here they go  
with a smile  
to get drunk  
for a while  
in a world...  
hypnotized  
by the warning.  
Keep them warm  
GET them drunk  
let...  
appraisals  
be sung.  
All beginnings...  
begin  
in the morning!

## SELFEXILE

These days  
I am the 'The Emperor'  
of all my conscious  
and subconscious  
thoughts.  
Self-enriched  
(self-abused)  
confused  
ignored  
unexplored



unorthodoxly...  
motivated  
and syncopated.

There's a  
continuous war  
between  
my mind  
my will  
my dreams  
my skill  
and the demanding  
'End Result '  
of Hollywood.

At times  
the absence  
of 'family '  
prompts me to  
doubt my efforts  
and shout abuse  
at my station  
(though ...  
ELATIONS  
are not rare)  
So I could write  
(and bite more pages)  
I've long resigned  
the charges of  
'The World '.

Hey vulgar-Bulgar  
(I'd say)  
your choice was right.  
Your plight in exile  
could not be completed  
if you ... (defeated)  
WENT HOME!  
Don't you ever  
surrender  
to the pretender  
named 'fear '  
out to  
extinct  
the precious gnome  
called 'dedication  
to make it alone'.



## A LETTER TO MYSELF

So... here we are  
(old buddy)  
still without home  
roaming and chewing  
our initial bite  
the right to be  
'our own man '.

Peculiar dreams  
like ... laser beams  
still haunt us.

Beyond the binds of  
'poverty '  
now...  
controversy  
eats artistic calls.  
Bald , the suspicion  
of strangers  
suffocates our life  
and only our...  
DRIVE  
for...  
'connection '  
with our century  
keeps us afloat  
awake and astray  
fighting away  
the perils  
of mediocrity.  
Shall we leap  
to the sky  
to dry  
our sweaty face  
in the lace  
of the winds  
of discoveries?  
Shall we...  
GIVE  
and forget that  
the eve  
of our lives



is in open discordance.  
To believe  
is to be.  
To admire  
is to see...  
what is there  
of bigger importance?

Inspiration and care  
keep away  
from the bare hands  
of intruders!  
And beware  
well-wishers  
who never say  
'NO '  
to anyone!  
After years in battle  
ANY  
static position  
(or submission)  
will kill us.

Better  
remind the souls  
that are  
bound to explore  
the gore  
of traditional  
GREED  
that we  
still spit  
and stamp  
on it all.  
Let us call  
all artistic tramps  
of this land  
to create and expand  
holy wars  
for quality  
in our lives.  
Down with...  
banalities  
and... consumer society  
lies!  
Keep us on course



with the force  
of sensitive beings  
to oppose  
and resist  
what the 'merchants'  
insist  
they should make of us.  
Even lifetimes  
of bleeding  
no mercy  
(or thanks)  
are better than ranks  
or seedy positions  
amongst creatures  
trying to SWALLOW  
the few  
like me  
and you and you  
into their  
'deadly alliance'  
of a ... lifelong  
compliance  
with ABSURDITY.

## ALICE

Across my door  
right on the  
second floor  
(where...  
Mary Pickford  
once had stayed)  
lives Alice  
ninety five  
alive and well  
dwelling on the idea  
of being...  
A HUNDRED.

She is the darling  
of the block  
abhors hiding



mistrusts suspicion  
and people say  
she never locked  
her door to anyone!

„Three sure things  
to make you old!“  
(she'd say  
especially on days  
when you've been told  
you'll get  
either robbed  
or strangled.)

„Why don't you  
pay attention  
to reason?

Crime is increasing! „  
(people would  
say to her)

„Keep a fine guard !  
Be smart, lady!  
You'll never know  
which bastard  
may just come  
and do it.“

„Oh, yeah ...?  
Then ... screw it!“  
(she bubbles  
like Ruth Gordon)

„ Since all my life  
I fed them chocolates  
served them wine  
see ... ?  
My men and I  
have good ol ' time  
why would they  
hurt me  
if they 're happy?

Now, if a swine  
would like to ...  
kill me ' for kicks '  
he might as well.  
Though for this act  
(alone)



you shouldn't tell  
your children  
the well of humanity  
has dried up.  
No, Sir!"

Overlapped  
by daily chores  
cruising down  
the corridors  
Alice is still  
truthful  
to her silent  
movie image.  
Her agent  
has been dead  
for twenty years  
but her cheer  
about work  
hasn't retracted.  
Like all actors  
over the ages  
she would practice  
(and expect)  
LUCK  
to correct itself.  
She is certain that  
her 'type'  
is on the 'come back'  
SOON!  
(She's no goon  
but a ripe lady  
whose artistic craft  
has matured)

Demure, she'd admit :  
„ If a producer  
comes and succumbs  
to my talents  
I should be ready.  
There are  
so many roles  
that I still  
want to play!"  
(she would say  
in her girlish voice)



then she'd lend  
postage stamps  
Tiffany lamps  
sugar & spice  
hot advice  
and all things  
handy  
on our second floor  
landing.

Alice would  
scold you  
if you told her  
you can't stand  
your new neighbor.

„You're a disgrace“  
(she'd say  
with a ray of  
mischief )  
„Look at yourself ,  
kiddo“  
(she'd exclaim  
mock -affected)  
until a lasting  
peace  
had been erected  
on her behalf.  
Then she 'd say  
that her vision  
of life  
may be a notch  
out of date  
but for her money  
it's too late  
to change now.

Anyhow,  
this winter  
as the Godly fair  
of Christmas  
approached  
Alice fell sick.  
Weak and transparent  
she got up



on the day of  
The Savior  
walked down  
an indifferent  
corridor  
and right at my door  
passed out.

She was carrying  
a present.  
It was matched  
by a card  
depicting a star  
holding a large  
hi-amp guitar  
as if God had become  
a rock musician.

Neighbors  
checking her pulse  
blubbered regrets  
then someone said  
that the last chime  
of Alice's time-clock  
was perfect.  
She lay dead  
theatrical and breezy  
squeezing a can of  
pea-soup  
meant to recoup  
a boyfriend  
one flight below  
who'd been low  
with pneumonia.

There were no  
filming crews  
to record this event  
nor alert bureaucrats  
to file a compliant  
against NATURE .  
Only dents  
in our hearts  
that were digging  
like acid  
only placid faces



reminded of ...  
their own mortality.

Alice sped on her way  
making quick peace  
with God  
far from Hollywood  
dreams  
and unrealized schemes  
sealed and vanished.  
She was leaving us  
'lonelies'

only a memory.  
Her brief  
epitaph read:  
„ Without hope  
life will elope  
nothingness.  
The sublime  
DOES EXIST  
to resist falsehood.  
Far from guns  
or-big roles  
power games  
and bank- rolls  
THE SUBLIME  
in the soul  
of the sometimes...  
not so strong  
looking ones!“

## BICYCLE THIEVES

In Bulgaria  
when I was young  
I had a gang  
and... boy  
what a gang it was!  
BANG  
the Allied Forces  
made a gift.



Swift  
their blow created  
abstract landscapes.

(Swiftly)

they tattered us  
with bombs  
and... catacombs  
for playgrounds.

Sweets were  
difficult to find  
minds were busy  
with survival  
rivals

we were not  
and hot...  
it was!

Bomb-crater lakes  
we filled  
with rafts  
then  
learned to swim  
then...

sailed  
(railed with passion  
for adventure)

Injured was  
every house  
and street  
the quest for food  
was hard  
(barred were the  
'looting operations'  
for youngsters)

Still...

we dug the rubble.  
Trouble was there  
bare...

and one could  
smell it!

Minds...

preoccupied with speed.

„feed your little  
tummy, dummy  
and find the  
air-raid shelter!„



(for 'Skelters'  
came from the sky  
too fast...  
BLAAAST  
two dear friends gone  
watching nickelodeons!)

Yep!  
A 'rodeo'  
with 'Western Strength'  
we played.  
First,  
The German  
then...  
The English toros  
leaving  
the mark of 'Zoro'  
on us!  
(I still wake up  
in sweat, wet  
and strangely troubled)

A 'rodeo'  
where bodies  
(dug & found)  
went MARKETBOUND  
where...  
few could buy  
and cry  
we didn't!  
(HOPE sustained  
our interest)

INCEST  
was common!  
Brothers  
sisters  
mothers  
uncles  
(fathers fought the war)  
Tired whores...  
were everywhere.  
(dare ask them  
at your age boy?)



In cages  
they would  
put you  
to suit  
a soldier  
any way he pleased  
while...  
grease was dripping  
from their hair.)

If I ever dared  
ask someone  
a favor  
our 'savior'  
might've...heard me  
still!  
NIL attention  
ever came  
from HIM!

Dim was the light  
we got  
from the 'leader'  
of our gang.  
(slang  
dirt and...  
adolescent bristle)

A signal pistol  
once he found .  
(all shiny!)  
„It's harmless“  
(he said)

Harnessed we were  
in long tirades  
of 'greats'  
who used more...  
'serious stuff'  
(fluff were  
all these toys)  
Boy, did he have  
FUN  
explaining guns  
as 'ultimate possessions'!



(died...  
showing a granate  
his skill  
killed instantly)  
I disbelieved  
his death  
yet dug...  
as if I looked  
for his remainings.  
(Nope!  
Cravings of a  
different sort  
I had...  
to find  
a toy  
a bicycle  
at any rate!)

Well...  
fate was kind!  
(I found one  
in an attic)

Ecstatic  
I froze over  
it's rusty body.  
The wheels  
the spokes  
the saddle  
were missing  
(one peddle  
was still there)

My share of luck  
was small  
tall was the price  
of 'handle bars '  
stars in the sky  
seemed the missing  
'breaks'  
aches were cementing  
my whole frame  
in shame I took my...  
first 'defeat'!  
„Meet it  
with guts, boy,



keep searching!  
(for often you had  
'fun' , remember?)  
Your thirst to be  
' a fencer '  
in nineteen forty five  
in gunner's paradise  
like crazy  
' Don Quixote '  
breaking  
Renaissance ground  
most likely  
failure bound  
(in a ...  
computer century) „

„Go get them, boy! „  
(my buddies told me)  
„ A crummy bicycle  
assemblage...  
no sweat...  
it's far too early!„

Burly,  
the years  
sped away  
bicycle searching  
every day  
turning my  
baffled windmills  
past forty one.  
Yet...  
I feel good  
(I still repeat)  
„life is... about  
to swear me in  
no more delays  
no payment  
for sins  
soon...  
I'll detect my  
' Diogenic' key  
and let out this...  
tortured  
invincible  
me!



## BACK HOME IN '79

Back home now for a while!  
(my Anglo-Saxon style stinks)

I'm told I look ... familiar  
my points of view ... too linear  
my politics ... ridiculous  
my courage ... most pernicious!

Old friends are glad to see me  
foes... try to belittle me.  
(I wonder if they 'll need me  
when not so young or glittery!)

Some people I was proud of  
seem old, resigned and beat  
(sad trading inspiration  
for affluent retreats!)

An ethic knight of theatre  
Radichkov stood the test  
a giant next to puppies  
and gnomes of 'second best'

Priced over eighteen million  
there's one more 'Spartakiad'  
in scope and size resembling  
old Homer's ILIAD!

Top world names can be sighted  
looking polite and tense.  
(here frequently invited  
on government expense)

Some folks work very little  
(they love to talk & rest)  
warm-hearted and ambitious  
good humored & possessed.  
Sea-coastal expeditions  
bring joys that I once knew  
naive childhood transitions  
bring memories of truth ...

until I crash with Intellectuals!  
(bizarre home-spun elite



who never stop complaining  
of boredom and defeat.)

I question and provoke them  
about 'creative skies '  
they sip strong Russian vodka  
gaze at the sun and sigh.

Or ... gape at sexy women  
in shapely new blue jeans  
and speak of ... 'Michelin' tires  
beach houses and machines.

They thrive on scorn and envy  
submission and disdain  
and seem to have forgotten  
the Communist refrain.

Asked for their OBLIGATIONS  
as a spiritual force  
they claim my people's nature  
can never change its course.

I think they've lost the purpose  
of 'nineteen forty four '  
when many Balkan curses  
were buried in the war.

„Hey, drink to Hedonism!“  
(a famous writer sings)  
„Call Ganchev's criticisms  
Utopian- left- wing!

You talk like Fidel Castro  
then come home and rebel!  
Surrender fame and passport  
you'll have a tale to tell!

You talk of ART as duty?  
Sweet brother go away!  
We need more myths and legends  
marry Fay Dunaway!“  
From birth I'm destined here  
for a deeply revered cause.  
God, make my love a spear  
and ... guard me from remorse!



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режисьор, продуцент и  
сценарист в Холивуд от 1973  
до 1987 г. Поем и музикант  
участвал многократно по  
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**Има две дъщери:** Джулия  
и Силвия.

**ПРЕДСЕДАТЕЛ НА  
БЪЛГАРСКИЯ  
БИЗНЕС  
БЛОК**

